

The Guardian's Sword by Talking Cigarette

Chapter II

Chapter II

"You!"

Homer went red instantly.

He did not expect Sean to speak so frankly.

However, anyone could talk.

Whether Sean was capable was to be confirmed.

...

River City Larson Residence.

As the largest pharmaceutical company in River City, the Larson family had abundant funds.

The Larson family had bought an exclusive piece of land as the Larson family's residence, which

covered a vast area.

A huge artificial lake shimmered in front of the residence.

The car stopped, and Homer helped Sean into the wheelchair and walked toward the residence.

"It's surrounded by water on three sides but is lacking lush mountains at the back."

Sean said suddenly.

Homer froze and looked at Sean in surprise after hearing that.

Homer had paid a lot of money on Larson Residence's geomancy system.

They only came to this conclusion after careful observation with geomancy tools and

interpretation.

However, Sean had figured it out at one glance.

"Mr. Lennon, you know geomancy too?"

Homer could not help asking after feeling surprised.

"I used to travel extensively and have experienced many things."

Sean did not explain much and only waved his hand.

Homer did not ask any more questions, but he was now more respectful to Sean.

Soon, they came to the back of the residence.

"Does Old Master have guests today?"

Before he could enter, Homer asked the maid when he heard laughing and talking in the room.

"Mr. Larson, Mr. Yates is here."

The maid answered respectfully.

Homer nodded slightly. Then he wheeled Sean inside.

An old man sat in the center of the room while he was surrounded by a young man and an old man.

The three of them were laughing and talking. They seemed to be having a good time.

“Old Master.”

Homer greeted Old Master Larson after entering.

“Homer’s back!”

Old Master Larson waved his hand as he laughed.

“Homer, who’s this?”

Homer’s brother-in-law Hugo Yates asked as he frowned and pointed at Sean.

“This is Mr. Lennon. I invited him here to examine Old Master.”

Homer did not seem to like his brother-in-law and said flatly.

“Oh, Homer, stop it.

“Him? A cripple? Examine the Old Master?”

“Forget it! I went to a lot of trouble to get Master Greg Graham from Souza River to come and examine Old Master.”

Hugo looked smug as he politely looked at the old man.

Homer froze when he heard that. Greg was indeed famous.

He had tried to get in touch with him but to no avail.

Unexpectedly, Hugo got to him first.

“Oh, Hugo, don’t talk like that.

“Every visitor is a guest! Please have a seat!”

Old Master Larson smiled lightly. He looked friendly.

“Okay!”

Homer nodded.

Sean propelled his wheelchair and waited quietly aside.

Greg looked up at Sean and withdrew his gaze nonchalantly.

“I just diagnosed Old Master Larson and determined it was caused by a damp-heat constitution.

“The damp-heat constitution is a bed that breeds diseases.

“Old Master Larson was busy working on the family business when he was young and neglected his health, so his illness accumulated.

“You can handle it when you’re young, but the various functions in your body decline as you get older, and diseases will strike frequently.”

Hugo looked impressed after Greg finished.

“Master Graham is indeed a master of medicine!” praised Hugo.

Homer frowned slightly. Then he looked at Sean and asked, “What do you think, Mr. Lennon?”

“Homer, what else is there?”

“Master Graham has diagnosed him, and he can get treatment right away.”

Hugo glanced at Sean. There was some sarcasm in his tone.

Homer was dissatisfied but said nothing. He just looked at Sean.

Sean only glanced at Old Master Larson before withdrawing his gaze and closing his eyes to rest.

“Haha! Master Graham, just tell me how many days I have left to live.

“Birth, aging, illness, and death are the circle of life.”

Old Master Larson laughed heartily. He did not seem to care much.

“You can count on me to save Old Master Larson.

“Young Master Yates had told me about Old Master Larson’s illness before I came.

“So I’ve brought the medicine with me.”

Greg said lightly with pride on his face.

Then he slowly took out a small box.

“Old Master Larson, you can take it now.”

Greg picked up the small box and put it on the table.

“Okay, let me try!”

Old Master Larson smiled faintly and stretched out his hand.

“What is it?”

Just then, Sean, who had been quiet all along, asked slowly.

“It’s medicine for the damp-heat constitution.”

Greg glanced at Sean with some disdain in his eyes.

It was ridiculous that a young punk dared to steal his client.

“Take it if you want to die.”

What Sean said next instantly made Old Master Larson stop putting the pill into his mouth.

“B*stard! What do you mean?”

Hugo shouted as he slammed the table, got up, and pointed at Sean.

Sean did not even glance at Hugo, and there was a hint of sarcasm in his eyes.

“What do you mean, young man?”

“I diagnosed Old Master Larson, yet you cursed him to die?”

Greg snorted coldly and said as he flicked his sleeves.

“I’m just telling the truth.”

Sean said lightly.

“Easy for a young man like you to say.

“Let me ask you, how is my pill going to kill Old Master Larson?”

“Traditional medicine emphasizes observation, smell, inquiry, and feeling. You didn’t even feel

Old Master Larson’s pulse or ask his condition. How do you know what is wrong with Old Master

Larson without doing anything?”

Greg looked proudly at Sean.

As a prominent figure in the medical industry, he had his pride.

“That’s right! You’re a cripple. Why don’t you heal your own legs first?

“Why are you pretending to be a doctor?”

Hugo was even more dissatisfied, and what he said was even more insulting.

“Your body temperature increases in the afternoon. It’s similar to the symptoms of a tidal fever in the afternoon.

“Then your body temperature drops gradually before 8 PM.

“But by 10 PM, you start to ache all over and can’t sleep at night.”

Sean’s eyes were calm as he spoke slowly.

Swoosh!

Old Master Larson instantly looked up at Sean and gently lowered the pill in his hand.

What Sean said was exactly true!

It was because of the pain at night that Old Master Larson sought medical help everywhere.

The pain was unbearable.

“Do you have a cure, Mr. Lennon?”

“Even if you can’t cure it, I’ll be extremely grateful if you can help me ease some of the pain.”

Old Master Larson looked excited as he looked at Sean.

Both Hugo and Greg were dumbfounded by Old Master Larson’s attitude.

‘Does Sean really know medicine?’

Homer could hold his head high now.

“I can try.”

Sean nodded lightly.

“Okay! Okay!

“What can I do for you, Mr. Lennon?”

Old Master Larson asked again as he rubbed his hands.

“Come and sit in front of me.”

Sean pointed to the space in front of him.

“Okay!”

Old Master Larson froze a little before instantly grabbing a chair and sitting down in front of

Sean.

“What are you going to do to Old Master?”

Hugo snorted coldly and asked as he looked at Sean.

Sean flipped his wrist, and the box of silver needles appeared in his hand.

Hugo and Homer did not even get a good look at what Sean was doing.

“Ha, acupuncture?”

“I have studied acupuncture for more than ten years, but I dare not give people acupuncture easily.

“Besides, Old Master Larson’s illness isn’t something that can be cured by simple acupuncture.”

Greg sneered, took a sip from his teacup, and looked at Sean.

“Poof!”

The next moment, Greg spurted out tea and turned ghastly pale!

“Hsss!”

“As... Asclepius Nine Needles Acupuncture!”